Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars* in ſwathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy Northumberland*,
The Archbiſhops Grace of Yorke, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neer'ſt and deereſt enemy?
That thou art like enough through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me vnder *Percyes* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Doe not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwayde
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percyes* head;
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day
Be bould to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And ſtaine my fauours in a bloudy maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights
That this ſame child of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this all-prayſed knight,
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meet,
For euery honor ſitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and one my head,
My ſhame redoubled. For the time will come
That I ſhall make this Northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord
To engroſſe my glorious deeds on my behalfe,

And I will call him to ſo ſtr
That he ſhall render euery
Yea, euen the ſlighteſt wo
Or I will teare the reckonin
This in the name of God I
The which if he be pleaſ'd
I do beſeech your Maieſtie
The long growne wounde
If not, the end of life cance
And I will die an hundred t
Ere breake the ſmalleſt par

King. A hundred thouſa
Thou ſhalt haue charge, a
How now good *Blunt?* thy

Enter

Blunt. So hath the buſin
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotlan*
That *Dowglas* and the *Engl*
The eleuenth of this mone
A mighty and a fearefull he
(If promiſes be kept on eue
As euer offered foule play in

King. The Earle of *Weſtm*
With him my ſoone Lord
For this aduertiſement is fi
On wedneſday next *Harry* t
On Thurſday, we our ſelue
Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* yo
Throug *Glocester-ſhire*, by w
Our buſines valued ſome tw
Our generall forces at *Bridg*
Our hands are full of buſin
Aduantage feedes him fat, w

Enter Falſta

Fal. Bardoll, am I not fall
doe I not bate? doe I not d
me like an old Laeies looſe g
apple Iohn. Well, ile repe

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